

MEMORIAL
DAY
EDITION.

PRICE ONE CENT.

BROOKLYN EDITION OF THE EVENING WORLD--ONE CENT.

LAST EDITION.

MISS LAWLOR FOUND.

An "Evening World" Man Locates the Missing Witness.

Her Retreat Not Far from Roundsmen Dailey's Station.

Refuses to Talk of Mammie Hannan's Charge Before the Hearing.

Lizzie Lawlor, the woman who sixteen-year-old Mammie Hannan says was with Sgt. Albert W. McDonald and Roundsmen Dailey on the occasion of the latter's alleged assault upon her in the back room of Joe Geller's saloon, at Pitt and Broome streets, has been found. She is stopping at 27 Delancey street, where she engaged a furnished room Saturday.

It was not the police who found Miss Lawlor, or as she is known, Mrs. Hickey; neither was it Mrs. Hannan, Mammie's mother, who has been searching high and low for this most important witness ever since she secured Dailey in the Essex Market Court of having forcibly ruined her pretty daughter.

Lizzie Lawlor was found by an "Evening World" reporter, who had been diligently searching the Twelfth Precinct for a week in the belief that the woman was yet in that neighborhood, in spite of the declaration of Capt. Eakins and his Delancey street police that they had searched everywhere for her and had been unable to obtain the slightest clue to her whereabouts.

This morning the reporter called as usual at the Delancey street station and asked if Lizzie Lawlor had been found or anything had been heard from her.

The sergeant in charge was engaged in telegraphing to Police Headquarters, but Detective Shelby, who was at the desk, said: "So far as we know nothing has been seen or heard of the woman."

The detective also said that Capt. Eakins was on duty along the route of the Memorial Day parade, and he thought that Roundsmen Dailey was with him. This was about 6 o'clock.

At 11.30 o'clock the reporter was talking with Miss Lawlor or Mrs. Hickey at a place only ten blocks away from the Delancey street station and on the very same street. And yet the Delancey street police "have made a thorough search for her and have been unable to learn anything whatever as to her whereabouts."

No. 27 Delancey street, it is true, is the Eleventh Precinct, but it is not far from the line of the Twelfth Precinct, at Norfolk street.

Had the services of the Eldridge street police been invoked it would have been comparatively easy to locate Lizzie Lawlor, for during the "diligent search" for her she had frequently been seen on the street by more than one person who knew her.

By persistent inquiry the reporter had traced Lizzie Lawlor to Delancey street, near the Bowery. He had an accurate description of her, but that was all. When he called at 27 Delancey street, at 10.30 this morning, he learned positively that Lizzie Lawlor was staying there, and that she had a room on the first floor.

Mrs. Frey is the name of the woman who rents the furnished rooms, and her son, Ernest Frey, keeps a saloon in the basement. The woman who answered the reporter's ring at the door told him the person he was seeking had gone out, but would probably return at 11 or 12 o'clock for lunch. The reporter withdrew and awaited developments.

At 10.30 a good-looking, tall, stoutly-built brunette, weighing fully 180 pounds, and dressed in black, descended the steps at No. 27, and went into Amsterdam's basement saloon, a few doors below, where she was evidently suspicious of two young men, who stood opposite, and spent over thirty minutes trying on a pair of shoes. When she did leave the store finally, it was by a back door. In five minutes the reporter again called at No. 27.

She has been here, but has gone. Call in again," said the woman who came to the door. The reporter then made a clear, matter-of-fact statement as to his business, and woman looked worried. She whispered to a young man who came down the stairs. He, too, looked surprised, and after a little more whispering the woman said:

"You come in again in a little while and you can see her."

The reporter and a friend who was with him went into the basement saloon, kept by Ernest Frey. The reporter watched the rear of the house from the back yard, and his friend watched the front.

Presently a young man who had been nervously peering through the window blind of a room on the first floor at the reporter while the woman in black was in the saloon came down with a pitcher for beer.

When he saw the reporter he started. He held a whispered consultation with the keeper, and so did a young man with a red flannel shirt who came downstairs soon after. Then the young man who had appeared in the hall just before came down into the saloon and called to the reporter:

"That lady is up in the hall now if you want to see her."

The reporter and his companion went up to the hall, where they were met by Lizzie Lawlor. She was dressed in a loose black and white striped flannel Hubbard wrap, and she smiled pleasantly as the reporter greeted her.

She is apparently about thirty years old, has black hair, dark complexion and large, black eyes. She has been a very pretty woman.

She admitted that she was Lizzie Lawlor, the woman whose presence at Roundsmen Dailey's examination in the Essex Market Court to-morrow morning is a positive necessity to prove or disprove Mammie Hannan's story, but she stopped right there and flatly refused to answer any more questions.

"I shall be in court to-morrow," she said, "and tell all I know about this matter."

"Is it a fact that you and Mammie Hannan were with Dailey and Sgt. McDonald on the night Mammie says she was assaulted?"

"I have nothing whatever to say," was the reply.

"Has Dailey been to see you or sent any one to you, or have you written to him?" asked the reporter.

"I tell you that I will say nothing until I make my statement in court. You must excuse me for cutting you off so short, but I can't help it. I really must say nothing now on either side."

"But, Miss Lawlor," persisted the reporter, "there have been published allegations that put you in a very bad light before the public."

"That's all right," responded Miss Lawlor. "I may have something to say about that to-morrow in court, but not before."

The young man who asked the reporter to come upstairs into the hall insisted that Miss Lawlor had not kept out of the way voluntarily.

"Wait until to-morrow," said he mysteriously, "and she will tell something that will contradict some of the stories that have been printed."

"I don't know whether she will be there or not," said he gruffly.

The captain was no less sullen in his replies to the reporter's further questions as to whether he knew the young woman's whereabouts or whether there was any danger of her not appearing. He declared that as the newspapers had taken up the case they ought to find her and produce her.

"Miss Lawlor," said the reporter, "is at 27 Delancey street, and she can be found there now."

"Suppose you go and see if she's there," reported Capt. Eakins.

He then disappeared within his private room. The reporter repeated to the sergeant at the desk that the Lawlor woman could be found at the address mentioned, but that official appeared to take little or no interest in the information.

story, but she stopped right there and flatly refused to answer any more questions.

"I shall be in court to-morrow," she said, "and tell all I know about this matter."

"Is it a fact that you and Mammie Hannan were with Dailey and Sgt. McDonald on the night Mammie says she was assaulted?"

"I have nothing whatever to say," was the reply.

"Has Dailey been to see you or sent any one to you, or have you written to him?" asked the reporter.

"I tell you that I will say nothing until I make my statement in court. You must excuse me for cutting you off so short, but I can't help it. I really must say nothing now on either side."

"But, Miss Lawlor," persisted the reporter, "there have been published allegations that put you in a very bad light before the public."

"That's all right," responded Miss Lawlor. "I may have something to say about that to-morrow in court, but not before."

The young man who asked the reporter to come upstairs into the hall insisted that Miss Lawlor had not kept out of the way voluntarily.

"Wait until to-morrow," said he mysteriously, "and she will tell something that will contradict some of the stories that have been printed."

"I don't know whether she will be there or not," said he gruffly.

The captain was no less sullen in his replies to the reporter's further questions as to whether he knew the young woman's whereabouts or whether there was any danger of her not appearing.

He declared that as the newspapers had taken up the case they ought to find her and produce her.

"Miss Lawlor," said the reporter, "is at 27 Delancey street, and she can be found there now."

"Suppose you go and see if she's there," reported Capt. Eakins.

He then disappeared within his private room. The reporter repeated to the sergeant at the desk that the Lawlor woman could be found at the address mentioned, but that official appeared to take little or no interest in the information.

ODDS ON SLAVIN.

Though Jackson Claims to Be 200 Per Cent. Better Than Ever.

Interest in To-Night's Fight Greater than in the Derby.

It Will Be Six O'Clock in New York When the Contest Begins.

A 20-Foot Ring Prepared Instead of the Regulation Size.

Special Cable to the Evening World. LONDON, May 30.—Frank P. Slavin and Peter Jackson will meet to-night at the National Club for their long-talked-of fight for £2,000 (10,000).

Police Capt. Eakins was in very bad humor when an "Evening World" reporter called at the Delancey street station at noon to-day for the purpose of ascertaining whether he intended to produce Lizzie Lawlor at Dailey's examination.

"I don't know whether she will be there or not," said he gruffly.

The captain was no less sullen in his replies to the reporter's further questions as to whether he knew the young woman's whereabouts or whether there was any danger of her not appearing. He declared that as the newspapers had taken up the case they ought to find her and produce her.

"Miss Lawlor," said the reporter, "is at 27 Delancey street, and she can be found there now."

"Suppose you go and see if she's there," reported Capt. Eakins.

He then disappeared within his private room. The reporter repeated to the sergeant at the desk that the Lawlor woman could be found at the address mentioned, but that official appeared to take little or no interest in the information.

FRANK P. SLAVIN.

The event has aroused almost unprecedented interest. It has even outstripped the Derby in the strife for popular attention this week.

The men have been ordered to enter the ring at 10.30 o'clock, which means that the fight will begin at about 11. This will be about 6 o'clock in the evening in New York.

There are to be twenty rounds, making the fight last an hour and nineteen minutes.

Though both men are in fine condition, and Jackson says he is 200 per cent. better than ever before, the betting is strangely uneven. Slavin is the favorite, and odds even as high as 3 to 1 have been given on him.

An innovation will be having the ring twenty feet in diameter instead of twenty-four.

Slavin has done his training at Dover Court, Essex County, England. He has been assisted by his brother, Jack Jackson, trained at Brighton. Jim Young has had the colored Australian in charge.

It is expected that Charley Mitchell and Jack Slavin will be behind Slavin tonight.

The fight will be in Jackson's corner. The record of the men up to date are:

Slavin: 10 wins, 2 draws, 1 loss. Jackson: 10 wins, 2 draws, 1 loss.

Slavin: 10 wins, 2 draws, 1 loss. Jackson: 10 wins, 2 draws, 1 loss.

Slavin: 10 wins, 2 draws, 1 loss. Jackson: 10 wins, 2 draws, 1 loss.

Slavin: 10 wins, 2 draws, 1 loss. Jackson: 10 wins, 2 draws, 1 loss.

Slavin: 10 wins, 2 draws, 1 loss. Jackson: 10 wins, 2 draws, 1 loss.

Slavin: 10 wins, 2 draws, 1 loss. Jackson: 10 wins, 2 draws, 1 loss.

Slavin: 10 wins, 2 draws, 1 loss. Jackson: 10 wins, 2 draws, 1 loss.

Slavin: 10 wins, 2 draws, 1 loss. Jackson: 10 wins, 2 draws, 1 loss.

MANHATTAN ATHLETIC GAMES.

Some Very Interesting Contests, with a Good Attendance.

St. Louis Team Their Opponents in a Double Holiday Bill.

On Being Ejected from Her Home Seaman Cut His Throat.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS CELL.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS CELL.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS CELL.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS CELL.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS CELL.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS CELL.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS CELL.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS CELL.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS CELL.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS CELL.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS CELL.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS CELL.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.

SAUNDERS WAS APPARENTLY DRUNK WHEN LOCKED UP LAST NIGHT.

KILLED BY FIREWORKS.